

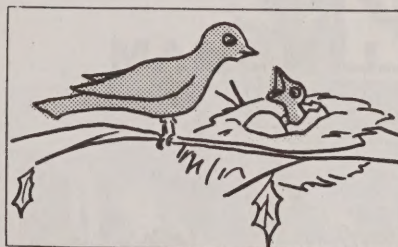


Weston Avd. Agency
Milford, MA

Established
by
Edward
Sawyer
1973

ISSUE
122

Spring 1993 Crimpville Comments



Publisher
Bellingham
Historical
Commission

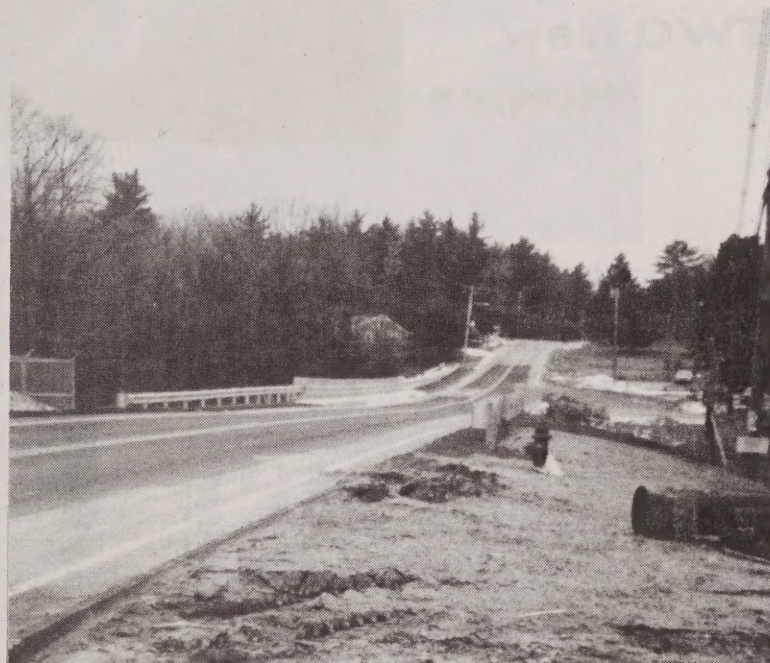
Chairman:
Ernest Taft
Co-Chairman
Cathy Mucciarone

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CHANGING SCENES in BELLINGHAM



Depot St. Bridge -Before-



Depot St. Bridge -After-

Since so many of our readers no longer live in Bellingham, we thought you might be interested in some of the changes taking place in our town. We hope to show you before and after scenes in the next several issues.

- SPRING - by Linus from the Boston Globe.

Of all the joys that life can bring
Take not from me the gift of Spring.
When squirrels romp and robins sing,
Rebirth for every living thing!

The crocus, first to realize
The miracle before our eyes
With courage quite beyond its size
Appears before the snow's demise.

Then, later, tulips, colors bright
And blossoms, such a gorgeous sight!
When trees start budding overnight
To greet the golden morning light.

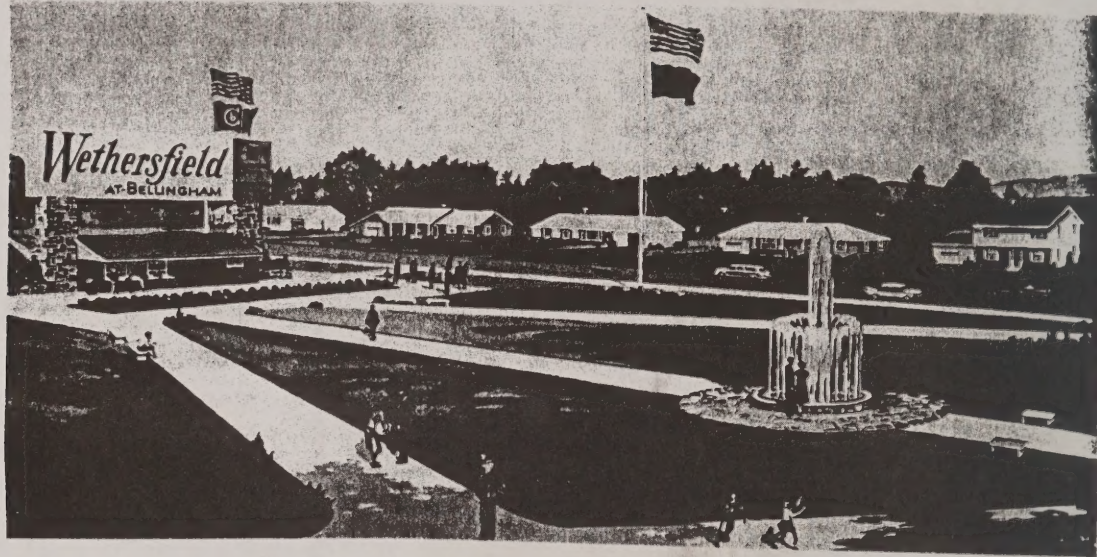
Nothing surpasses that first warm wind;
The essence of Spring it seems to send.
Is this not Nature's most beautiful blend
Of Summer's beginning and Winter's end?

Wethersfield

AT-BELLINGHAM

AN OUTSTANDING HOME
for the
BUDGET-MINDED FAMILY

1960



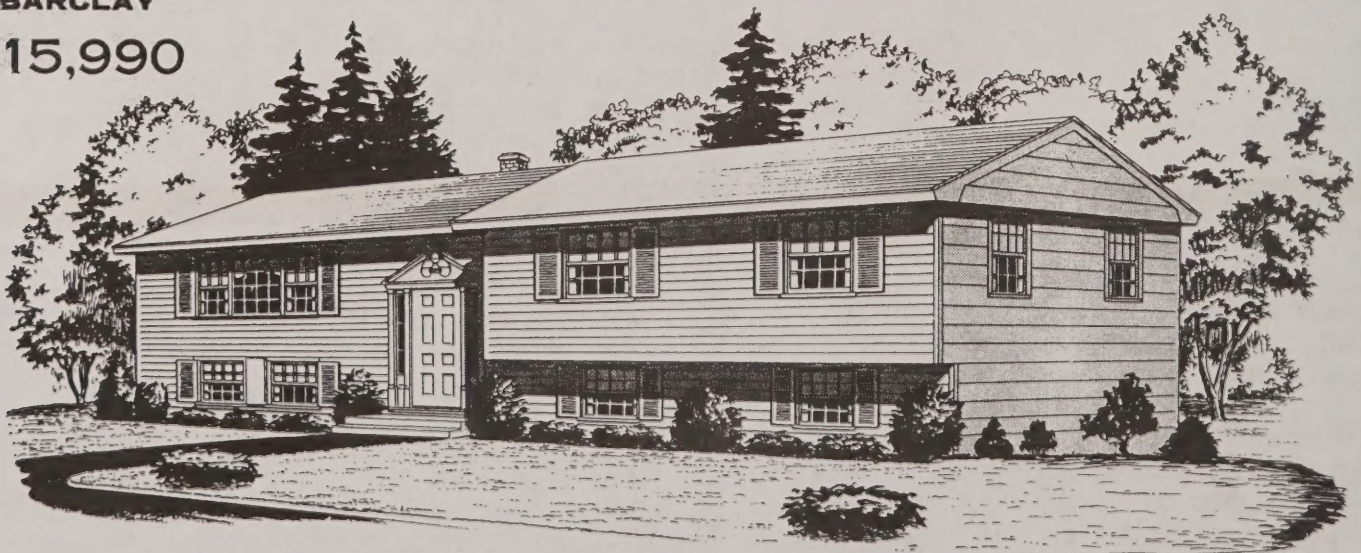
TWO New Homes

- 3 Luxurious Bedrooms on a Separate Wing
- Huge Playroom Basement
- Glamorous Colorama Kitchen
- Large Party-type Living Room
- Attractive Dining Room
- Ceramic Tile Master Bath
- Optional Finished Playroom and Garage Under
- Completely Landscaped and Wooded Setting

The
SHERWOOD
\$13,990

The
BARCLAY
\$15,990

MAGNIFICENT NEW SPLIT-ENTRY DESIGN





The Johnson Bus Lines and the Martin Cerel Organization were instrumental in the development of Wethersfield. At that time in 1960 on Saturdays and Sundays during the daylight hours there was a bus leaving from Boston to Bellingham every hour, stopping at Wethersfield, as part of a promotion to sell homes in the suburbs. On the preceding page this handout shows the cost of these homes in 1960. The Johnson Bus Lines has been a long time tradition in Bellingham going back to 1924 when this company began transporting Bellingham pupils to school. Below is a copy of a schedule and a ticket donated by Ruth Spieler in 1972.

JOHNSON BUS LINES

INCORPORATED

JUNE 10, 1948

*Smoking prohibited on regular
scheduled coaches.*

Dec. 17, '49

JOHNSON BUS LINES, INC.

Good for One Continuous Ride from

**MILFORD
TO
BELLINGHAM CTR.**

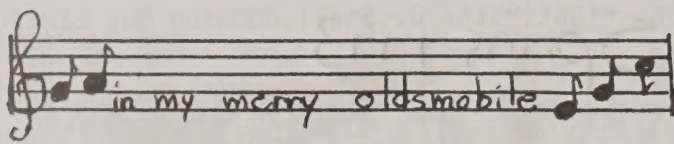
Subject to *J. C. Hamilton*
HIGH PRESIDENT
Vague Ticket Exchange-BOSTON

11758
AOW
10

MILFORD-PAWTUCKET-PROVIDENCE

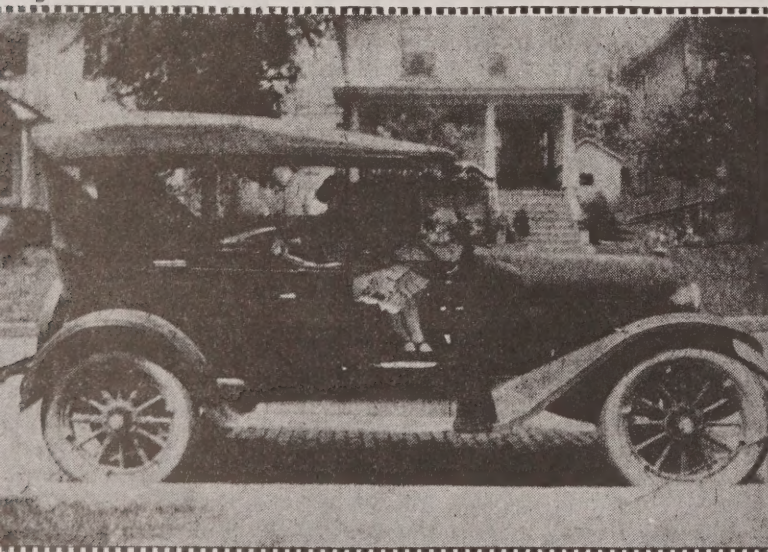
11	OW fare	WEEK DAYS														Sun. and Hol.			
		AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	AM	PM	PM	PM
Milford, Lincoln Square.....Lv	.00	5 30	7 00					1015		1 45	3 15			6 25		1030	1015	1 45	6 25
Bellingham P.O.....	.15	5 40	7 10					1025		1 55	3 25			6 35		1040	1025	1 55	6 35
Franklin P.O.....	.30	5 50	7 20					1035		2 05	3 35			6 45		1050	1035	2 05	6 45
Sheldonville P.O.....	.40	6 00	7 30					1045		2 15	3 45			6 55		1100	1045	2 15	6 55
Grants Mill R.I.....	.45	6 05	7 35	8 00	9 15			1050	1215	2 20	3 50	4 15		7 00		1105	1050	2 18	7 00
Diamond Hill, Whipple Store.....	.50	6 10	7 40	8 05	9 20			1055	1220	2 25	3 55	4 20		7 05		1110	1055	2 22	7 05
Hillside Road.....	.50	6 10	7 40	8 05	9 25			1055	1225	2 25	4 00	4 25		7 05		1115	1055	2 25	7 10
Monastery.....	.55	6 15	7 45	8 10	9 25	1030		1103	1229	2 30	4 03	4 25	30	7 10		1120	1103	2 29	7 15
Blackstone St.....	.60	6 20	7 50	8 15	9 30	1035	1107	1233	2 35	4 06	4 33	4 55	33	7 15	18	1123	1107	2 33	7 18
Valley Falls, Titus St.....	.65	6 25	7 55	8 20	9 35	1040	1112	1238	2 40	4 10	4 38	5 00	36	7 20	21	1127	1112	2 38	7 21
Pawtucket, Times Square.....	.65	6 30	8 00	8 25	9 40	1047	1120	1245	2 50	4 15	4 45	5 05	40	7 25	25	1132	1120	2 45	7 25
Providence, 5 Eddy St.....Ar	.75	6 45	8 15	8 40			1135	1 00	3 05	4 30	5 00	5 55	6 40	7 40	1025	1145	1135	3 00	7 40

CONVENIENT CONNECTIONS—in Milford, Mass. from Framingham, Mass.



Do you remember the Sunday afternoon DRIVE? NO, not a dash to the corner store. No, not to the mall for some of the latest sales. A DRIVE for it's own sake. After Church and Sunday dinner ALL the family, in their best clothes(hats included), sought an afternoon of leisure---of pure enjoyment. It might be just a drive along a country road, a trip to the shore to get an ice cream cone or to visit a special friend. If there was more than 1 child in the family--they vied for turns to decide in which direction they would head. It was an OCCASION, seemingly unknown today. Only people over 60 will recognize the ceremonial importance of this drive. None ever refused an invitation to go for a Sunday afternoon drive.

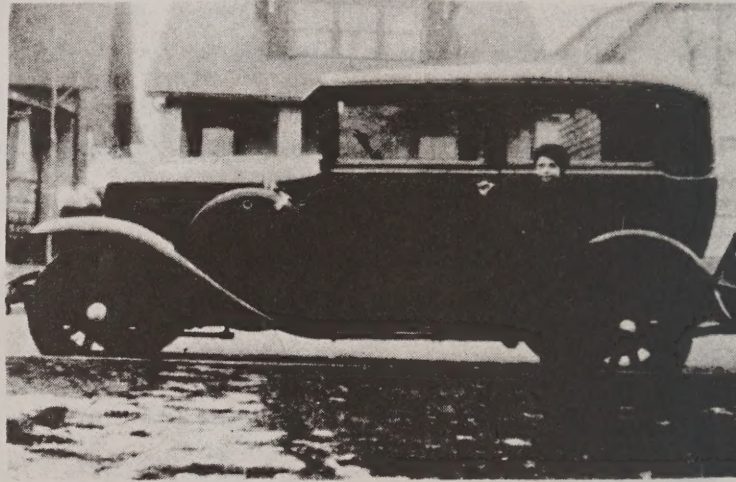
Depending on the age of the reader--many early cars were open, so the weather played an important part. If weather turned bad, we had to attach glassine windows.



--1923 Dodge--note the buggy wheels) The men sat in front, the women and children sat in back, often wrapped with a lap robe. Women DID NOT drive.

Of course, all of this depended on the ownership of an automobile. (that statement today seems pretty far-fetched). But if we go back far enough, owning a car was a great luxury. Only aristocrats owned cars. These were

often called Touring Cars.



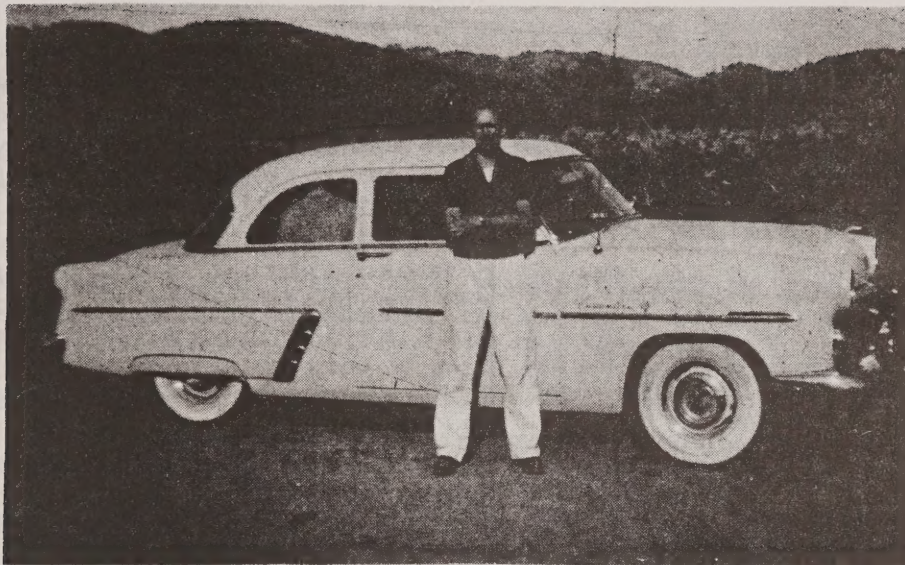
--1929 Pontiac--

Do you remember running boards? Youngsters today have no idea what we mean(a skate board??No). It was a narrow board running from the front wheel to the back wheel just below the doors. Necessary so the ladies could easily get in and out of the car with modesty. In those days, women's skirts were a bit longer and tighter. In some of the earlier models there was a trunk rack at the rear of the running board to hold valises or sometimes a picnic basket. And before the running board disappeared, it became a daring spot for teen-agers to stand on as others drove recklessly down the road.

But let me get back to the DRIVE. It might only last an hour or two. It was an opportunity for everyone to leave the mundane behind and enjoy a relaxing diversion. It was a part of life at a slower pace than we're now used to...When pleasures were often much simpler. Would that we could visit those days once again.....

Do you recall driving under an arch of beautiful elms, that were then healthy(thought to survive forever) OR under bowing weeping willows, almost like driving through a cavern?

Today the younger generation have no knowledge or respect for the ceremony of this Sunday drive. They roar down roads revving their motors, etc. Speed are so fast--no one has a chance to appreciate the scenery.



1952 Ford

Oh well, remember with me these other times, when automobiles were new and the high point of the week was the SUNDAY AFTERNOON DRIVE!!!!!!

It is our hope that some of these early car models will also re-vive old memories..What was yours like? Do you remember? Happy Reminiscing.....

TWO OF A KIND

Shaved, bated, clad in my best attire,
I discover my car has a flat tire;
Hastily I change, clothes and spare,
Only to find it, too, has no air.

-James J. Elliott

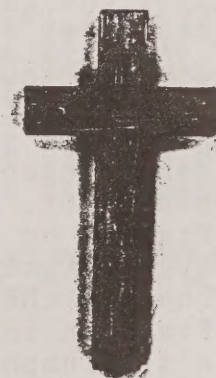
DEDICATED TO MEMBERS of the
HISTORICAL COMMISSION.....

Nobody who can read is
ever successful at clean-
ing out an attic!!!!!!

(truer words were never spoken)

THE LITTLEST CROSS

I was born in Bellingham, Massachusetts and grew up into a very fine oak tree. When, in 1824, a small group of people decided to build a church in which to worship the Lord, I was cut down and taken to the saw mill. There I was cut up with a saw blade that went up and down instead of round and round. Finally I was put to work in the Bellingham Baptist Church as a brace to help hold one of the main posts secure against wind and storm. But in 1953, after doing my job for 128 years, I was taken out that a window might be changed into an exit

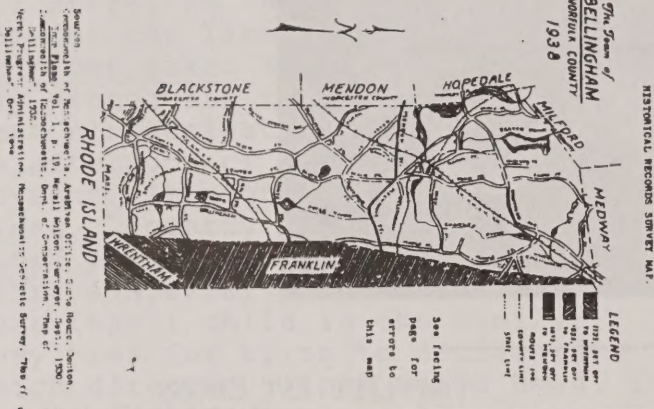


door. I was thrown on a scrap pile. I was rescued just in time by a friendly hand that cut me up and made me into this little cross.

I really feel so good to be alive and useful and am anxious to get back to work. As a bookmark in your Bible, I can help you to find the love, peace and joy and abundant life that our Lord promises those who love Him and try to do His will.

BORDERLINES:

(A new feature in the Crimpville Comments, which will appear now and then, to pay tribute to the history of our neighbors.)



First up: How Franklin Got It's Name and a Library tossed into the Bargain!!

The Town of Franklin, MA. was the first to be named in honor of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. In 1778, the peoples of West Wrentham voted to petition the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for their own township to be known as Exeter.

Preliminary documents in hand, the petitioners proceeded to Boston to file the necessary papers, the date MARCH 2, 1778. Arriving in the midst of a celebration, the townspeople learned of the signing of the French Alliance, which pledged support to the cause of American Independence. The treaty was signed by Dr. Benjamin Franklin with France on Feb. 6, 1778.

Immediately, the petitioners from West Wrentham changed the town's proposed name to Franklin in recognition of Dr. Franklin's triumph. This procedure can be seen on the original Town Charter where it is clear that Exeter was crossed out, and the name of Franklin inserted.

In later years, when townspeople of Franklin were about to add a steeple to their meetinghouse, it was decided to request of Dr. Franklin, that he provide a bell for this endeavor. The answer received from Dr. Franklin offered books, not a bell, to the

town's development. The townspeople had parlayed on the honor they had bestowed on Franklin, naming the town after him. But, they did not get what they bargained for. Franklin stated, in a letter to a friend, his response to the town's request-- "Books instead of a bell; Sense being preferable to Sound". The famous saying by Franklin can be found in a letter to his friend, Dr. Price of London. The letter was delivered by Franklin's nephew, William Franklin. The letter requested that "100 books, more or less be sent to the Inhabitants of Franklin, a new town in the State of Massachusetts, having done me the honor of naming itself after me". Dr. Price was commissioned by Dr. Franklin to choose the books, spending 25 pence. The 116 volumes, which arrived in 1786, were on religion, government and moral conduct. Franklin called the residents "poor farm folk", and hoped that the books might raise their education level.

*Books instead of a Bell
Sense being preferable to Sound.*

Benjamin Franklin sent this note to the town in 1785 in response to a request for the donation of a steeple bell

Horace Mann was a native of Franklin, MA. He is known worldwide as a great promoter of public education. The 116 books received, were the basis of Mann's primary education.

Benjamin Franklin's donation of those first 116 books, led to the creation of America's first public library. After some inner-town arguing over who should have access to them (church members, voters-at that time, men only, or landowners), it was decided at a Town Meeting. It directed the Reverend Emmons, who housed the collection, "to lend the Books Presented to this town by the late Dr. Benjamin Franklin to the Inhabitants of this town at large". Thus, the town of Franklin's library became the first public library in this country.

Although some of the original 116

volumes were lost through time, the vast majority can still be viewed at the Ray Memorial Library, Main Street Franklin. They are kept in a special wooden case and not handled by the public anymore.

The books are a constant reminder of the Town's great past. It is a rich history that all Franklinites should be proud to recall.

(some info for this article was taken from the Boston Globe)



THE CRAZIEST LANGUAGE

We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes;

But the plural of ox should be oxen not oxes.

Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,

Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.

You will find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice;

Yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men

Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

If I spoke of my foot and show you my feet,

And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth

Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that, and three would be called those,

Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.

And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,

But though we say mother, we never say methren.

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,

But imagine the feminine, she shis and shim.

So English I fancy you will agree,

Is the craziest language you ever did see.

GRANDMOTHER'S PROTEGE

My Grandma taught me how to knit
The way to handle crochet thread.
She taught me how to brush my hair
To wear in braids around my head.

She taught me how to stand erect
And how to hold my head just right.
She bought a flowered parasol
To shield me from the sun so bright.

She showed me how to plant a flower
And what to do to make it grow.
She taught me how to wash and iron
And how to mend a stocking toe.

She taught me how to can the fruit
She showed me how to stew and bake.
I learned just how to keep the house
And how to mix an angel cake.

She taught me how to cut a dress
And how to sew the finest seam.
But more important than all that....
My Grandma taught me how to dream.

NOTICE

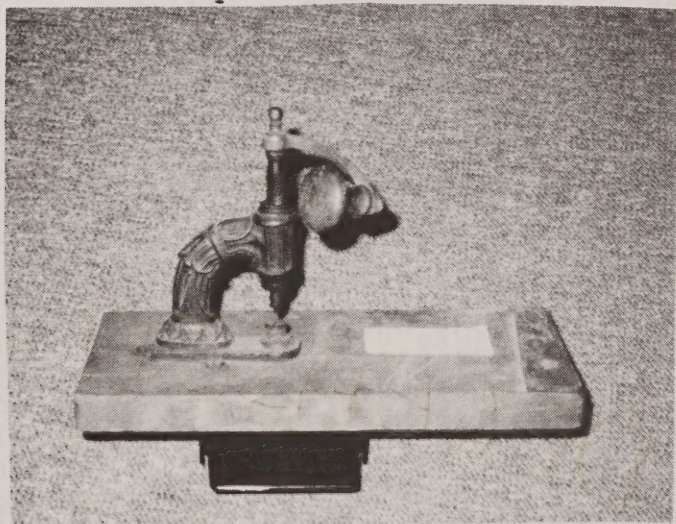
Glendolene Lee, Bellingham's oldest resident and recipient of the Boston Post Cane, has recently found it necessary to move out of town. Bellingham's loss is now Hopedale's gain-as she now resides at Hopedale Gardens Nursing Home, 325 So. Main St., Hopedale, MA. 01747.

When the coffee is hot and
the talk is good, and the feeling is easy and the laughter is light, and the memories are many but the time is too short, you know you are with a friend.....

*****WHAT IS IT ?*****

Bellingham was once a booming industrial center. Along with textiles, there was a big boot-making industry here in town. One of the bigger factories, was owned by the Fairbanks family, who resided in the Caryville section of the town. After being relocated in several different locations, it was eventually housed in buildings on the corner of Hartford Ave. and Stone St.

The pictured article was used in the boot making process. It was an eyelet-making machine. The leather would be put under the 'punch' and a hole would be made when it depressed. The hole puncher would be lowered by turning the crank handle. In this way, the openings for laces or buttons were made with less trouble and time consumption.



The pictured piece of equipment from the boot industry, was donated to the Historical Commission by Mr. & Mrs. Carlton Patrick. It is on permanent display in our museum, along with other relics from the bygone days of boot manufacturing. Also in our collection, are a leather "kip", or boot pattern cut-out. Two of these kips were sewn together to form a boot. Thanks to Chet Hood, we have some wooden pegs, which were used to attach heels to boots and shoes. The pegs would be inserted in the holes in the bottom of the heels and then sunk in water. The leather and wood would each react differently--the wet leather would shrink and the wooden

pegs would expand. In this manner, the holes would be closed.

At the height of the boot manufacturing industry here in Bellingham (mid 1800's), more men worked on boots than in any other occupation. About 84,000 pairs of boots were produced annually, at the peak of the Fairbanks' factory production. They were sent to the "rugged West" and to the army for use by soldiers. The Fairbanks factory was not the only boot factory in town. There were other smaller endeavors of the same nature being undertaken too. Bellingham really was a 'BOOT' capital back then.

**** GRAND-DAD ****

My Grand-dad was a sturdy man,
His face a weather-beaten tan.
He could not write so very well
And 'twas hard for him to spell.
He often told about the time
He could not save a single dime:
How he worked from dawn to dusk;
How the corn he had to husk;
How he felled the forest tree;
Gathered honey from the bee;
Ground his grain,, repaired his shoes
He swung the cradle and the flail;
Doctored horses, cows and ewes.
And walked many a mile for mail.
He hewed the logs that made his
house;
He hunted geese and rats and grouse.

It sort of makes me think a bit;
Perhaps my gramp was not a hick:
Perhaps the old days weren't so bad-
I almost wish I'd been his dad.

#####

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Opportunity knocks only once
Or so it appears.
But notice how temptation
Bangs on the door for years?

-Geraldine Davidson

Remember when-

A bottle of pop was a once-a-week treat when the family went to town.

A 5¢ bag of candy could be shared.

There were no refrigerators and when anyone wanted a drink they went to the water pail.

Dancing was done with the feet.

Men could read the "men's" magazine the the family circle.

Kids walked to school and had no need for calisthenic exercises when they got there.

Everyone, that wanted to, got a pretty good education, and without the advantage of head start and kindergarten, gymnasiums and stadiums and athletic teams.

Corrective measures when taken with delinquents were applied at their seats of learning.

People could get along on what they had.

Things that could be ill-afforded were thought of as luxuries and not as necessities.

About the only kind of money there was to be had was the kind that had to be worked for.

The only government handouts were a few garden seeds once a year.

People had only their own troubles to think about, and didn't look at and listen to and be reminded daily of the troubles of the world.



LILACS

Lilacs against old houses, hold a special sort of place

In the eyes of the beholder that time cannot erase.

And many a winding river or rambling fence of stone

Holds a bit of scenic wonder for the viewer's eye alone.

DONATIONS

Leonard & Marion Shangraw

Mary Roman

Genevieve Gardner

Elaine & Mark Perry

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Glockner

Kathy Harvey

Toni Martin-Picariello

Francis Donovan

Rita & Ernest Sawyer

A special thanks to Doris Swahn for her interest and time spent with a Commission member.....

DEATHS

Donald Delorme

Stanley Tiernan

Winifred (Mahon) Blume

Charles Selima

Frank E. Spayd

Merle P. Patrick

James Peluso

Richard Cournoyer

E.M. Dianne (Channing) Taft

Walter Hyder

Edward L'Antigua Jr.

J. Robert (Bob) Murphy

A. Gordon Perron

Roland Denoyelle

Emma Y. Mancini

Angus MacLeod

Alfred Laime

RAYmond Seagrave

Deborah A. (Bucchi) Haigh

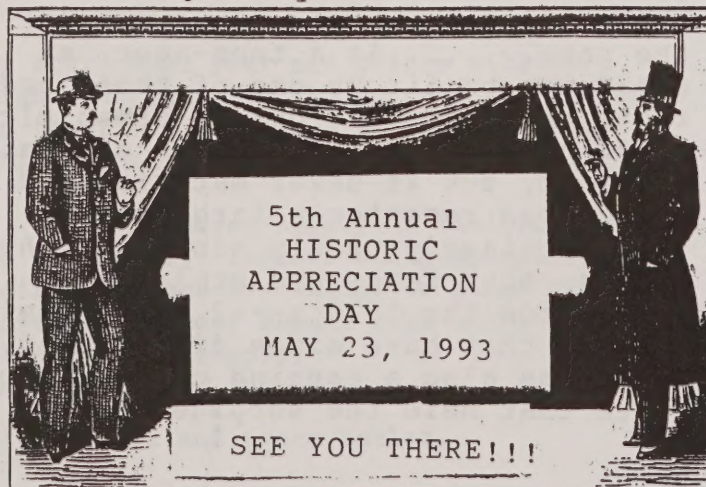
Constance B. Gaboury

Jessie M. Marchessault

Josephine McEnery

This is our last issue until fall. Please don't forget us during the summer as we'd like to continue printing four issues a year. We need your help.

Our heartfelt thanks to those who contribute regularly.



The ATTIC !!!

Do you recall an attic in your childhood home? Do houses today have such things as attics? New houses might have a crawl-space, but you have to be acquainted with a much older house to find a REAL ATTIC.

The attic was a magical place--it held all sorts of treasures; such as boxes, steamer trunks(full of goodies), dress forms, discarded furniture, turn-of-the-century styles of clothing, baby memorabilia, old toys, etc. It was a great spot for a child with a vivid imagination or an adult with long-forgotten memories.

I remember the attic in the house where I grew up- it had 4 full-sized rooms and at least 5 well-stuffed closets. It was sort of shut off from the rest of the house by a full-size trap door. But when it was warm enough, the door was left open and I was allowed to roam and play-at-will....The attic became my private domain, my mansion. The old hand-cranked Victrola was there and "what balls I attended" while dancing to WWI recordings: Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning---Yes, We Have No Bananas---Over There---Pack Up Your Troubles---How You 'Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm??....and the list goes on.

There were 2 sparsely furnished bedrooms with white painted iron beds, and some cast off chairs and chests of drawers. The windows up there fascinated me--the window sill was about 4" off the floor(I loved them, but always had a fear of falling through them). I never got too close unless I was lying flat on the floor--then my nose might press up against the pane.....As a teen-ager, my dream was to fix up one of those bedrooms to be my VERY OWN--I often pictured just how I would paint and wallpaper it, but it never materialized.

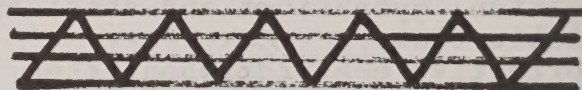
I can remember a large wicker baby carriage(probably mine) with huge wheels--both fancy and utilitarian gowns from the 1800's---2 large family Bibles, that have since disappeared. There was also a canning cupboard up there that held the surplus food(a

cool spot, but not enough to freeze.)

I have friends who venture into the attic for 1 item and they're mesmerized for the rest of the day with what they 'stumble' upon. If you have an attic in your house--you know just what I mean....I don't advise you visit your attic unless you have plenty of spare time on your hands.

"DON'T EVER SEND SOMEONE TO THE ATTIC WHO CAN READ--YOU MAY NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!!!!"

My daughter got into ours recently and unearthed boxes and contents that I had forgotten existed. Oh well, that's another story.



AGE IS BUT A QUALITY OF MIND

If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is lost,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead--
Then you are old.

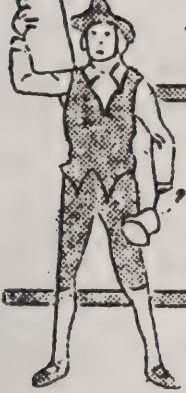
But if from life you take the best
And if, in life, you keep the jest
If love you hold--
No matter how the years go by.
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.



SILVER LINING

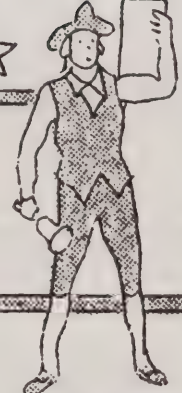
There's a quiver in my liver,
There's a murmur in my heart,
I'm growing bare, where once was hair;
I'm falling all apart.
My eyes are crossed, my teeth are lost,
My feet!- as flat as can be,
But I'm not sore, for in a war
They don't want guys like me!





The Town Crier

IN THE INTEREST OF TOWN RURAL WAR ACTION WORK



Volume I, No. 3

March 1942

SALVAGE THE SCRAP

PRODUCE FOOD AND FUEL

Demand for scrap metal continues. The price has been fixed and there is little indication that it will be changed. Farmers and dealers are faced with the same troubles: labor and tire shortages. Dealers have been trying to assure themselves of a valuable load before taking up collections. Small amounts may be given to some local organization which could collect and thus make a load. Farmers who have much of this material and have trucks would probably find it profitable to take it to a dealer. In any case it should be moved before the spring work becomes too great. It is our patriotic duty to see that this type of material gets into the hands of dealers so that it can reach smelters and be converted into war materials.

Save the anti-freeze from automobiles and tractors. As soon as cold weather lifts drain the radiators and put the liquid in an air tight container. Label the container properly as to what type of anti-freeze it contains. By fall any sediment will have settled and the clear mixture can be siphoned off for reuse.

Some small town fire departments are finding it difficult to obtain sufficient men to man the trucks during the day time due to defense work. Someone has suggested that farmers might volunteer for fire fighting during dangerous periods and to assist in the burning of hazardous areas right now. Farmers should also be warned that there is a new law which says no outdoor open fires during April and May. Special permission needed at other times.

From \$20 to \$35 per person can be saved by having a good vegetable garden. Small fruits, poultry flocks, a cow or two, and pigs for butchering are possibilities on many farms. Firewood and lumber for repairs from the farm woodlot also reduce expenses. Every farm should be self-sufficient for food and fuel.

The program of 4-H club members to produce food, to conserve materials, to build morale, and to otherwise promote our national war efforts should receive every encouragement from the adults. A special statement issued by Governor Saltonstall on 4-H Mobilization Week, which comes April 5 to 11, indicates that 4-H club work has the backing of state and national leaders. War Action committee members and minutemen will find many opportunities to point out to young folks in the neighborhood the need for more home food production and more conservation.

The War Production Board asks all farmers receiving products in bags to return bags promptly. Bag users, including farmers, are restricted to a 60-day supply of cotton and a 30-day supply of bur-lap bags. Paper bags can be reused.

The certified seed potato supply will be short this year and prices will be high. However, we should urge farmers to go the limit before using ordinary seed which usually prove unprofitable.

The molasses supply is limited due to war needs. Farmers who contemplate using molasses for silage or other uses this coming year should take steps now to obtain their supply.

Let's make our dining tables into council and peace tables.

MEMORIES

Hazel Forsberg writes----When I was much younger the popular music was much different from today's. I wondered if any of the readers would recall them or respond. I'm sending a number. I was singing it one of those dreary days this past summer, to lift my spirits. Songs like:

IN MY LITTLE GRAY HOME IN THE WEST--
WHEN IT'S SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES--
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME--
JUST MOLLY AND ME

These are samples..but maybe they're too old. Do you remember BLUE SKIES ?

Blue skies smiling at me
Nothin' but Blue Skies do I see,
Blue days all of them gone
Nothin' but Blue Skies from now
on.

Never saw the sun shining so
bright
Never saw things goin' so right
Noticin' the days hurryin' by
When you're in love
My how they fly.
Bluebird singin' a song
Nothin' but BLUE SKIES from now
on!!!!

Here's a couplet--
THE PURPLE COW

I never saw a purple cow
I never hope to see one.
But this I will say anyhow
I'd rather see than be one.....

A great big THANKS to Hazel for her special memories.....

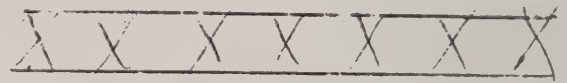
Hazel mentions songs of yesterday---do you recall???

JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW ME
DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE
THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL
O JOHNNY, O JOHNNY
YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE
HELLO CENTRAL, GIVE ME HEAVEN
GO EASY, MABEL
BELL BOTTOMED TROUSERS

In those days, sheet music sold for 3/\$1.00. Since my mother was going to Milford, I asked her to get me 3: two specific titles and ANY OTHER ONE. When she returned with only 2 pieces of music--I asked her WHY? She said she couldn't find ANY OTHER ONE.... OH WELL, THOSE WERE THE DAYS.....

COUNTRY TIME

I love a little country place
It's hard to put in words but
Shade is so much shadier
Where trees are filled with birds
And grass is so much grassier
Where sheep and cattle graze.
I love to walk the pasture fields
On barefoot summer days
Where grass was meant for cows to eat
And earth was meant for sowing
And breezes are their breeziest
With crimson clover blowing.
Oh, summer's not the same at all
with pavements all around
But that's the price one has to pay
For spending it in town.
by Mildred Luton in Good Housekeeping



PERFECT PARTNERS

Together, we'll do many things
and share life's ups and downs;
It's easy, if you've got a friend,
to laugh away the frowns.

There's nothing we can't overcome,
life has no limitations,
for if you've trust and friendship
you've a winning combination.



Dear Crimpville Comments,

My husband and I have really enjoyed your paper. We both grew up in South Bellingham and were childhood sweethearts.

Our families, The Kornickis and The Cooks, have left behind a lot of history. My husband Pete's grandfather, Wasyl Kornicki, was fire chief in town preceded by his son, Peter. Wasyl bought the town's first fire truck, then in later years sold it to the town for the sum of one dollar; it's still in town as a showpiece and used in parades. Wasyl owned a little grocery store at what we called "The Corner", in South Bellingham. It was also a trolley stop. Many old timers in town will remember Wasyl delivering groceries to their homes. Later, Wasyl and his son, Peter, opened up a restaurant called "The Lennox", famous for fresh lobster and homemade baked pies, baked by his wife, Agnes. "The Corner" has many memories for all.

My grandfather, George Cook and my father, Harold Cook, opened up a lumber company on South Main Street called "Cook's Lumber". Their office was the first schoolhouse in town which my grandfather bought and added rooms to live in and have his office. It amazes me to think my dad went to school there when it was a one room schoolhouse! My grandfather helped build the South School. The first schoolhouse is still located at 70 South Main Street, owned by my sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Renaud (Norma Cook).

My husband Pete and I attended the South School (as did our fathers) and for opening day at Pinecrest School, they lined us all up at South School to make the glorious trip to our new Pinecrest School. I'm sure many remember that! Then in later years we proceeded onto the new Bellingham High School, from which we both graduated.

Peter and I live in Charlotte, North Carolina now and love it here, but we are still Yankees-at-heart. My memories of South Bellingham are "The Lennox", Cook's Lumber and good old South

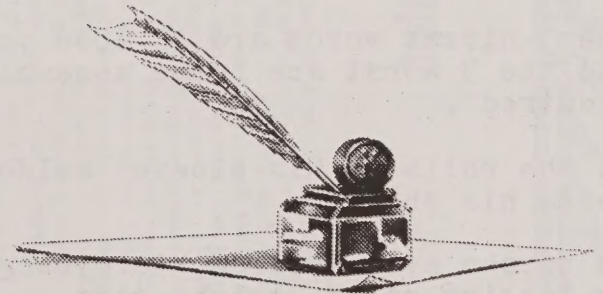
School and all the parades up South Main Street and our 250th Anniversary Celebration and the sounds of the fire siren at "The Corner" at which my dog Blackie would always howl.

Enclosed, please accept this donation in memory of "The Kornicki Family" and "The Cook Family".

Mrs. Linda (Cook) Kornicki

Thank you for mailing the "Crimpville Comments". I find it to be very interesting and enjoyable to read of the 'goodies' of this and that, who, what, when and why, facts and figures of the history of Bellingham, the daughter town of Wrentham.

Thelma Youngdahl
Wrentham, MA.



WE WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!!!



a few

Words of Wisdom —

Don't give anyone a piece of your mind--you need it all yourself.

People are funny--everyone wants to live a long time, but no one wants to get old.

Humor is to life what shock absorbers are to automobiles.

Even if you're not brave, pretend to be. None can tell the difference.

Old age is about the only thing that comes to us without effort.

We make a living by what we get; we make a life by what we give.

Live so that when your children think of fairness, caring and integrity--they think of you.

Use your wit to amuse, not abuse.

The 3 nicest words are "I love you", and the 3 worst are "some assembly required".

He who rolls up his sleeves seldom loses his shirt.

No person ever injured his eyesight by looking on the bright side.

People are a lot like tea bags. They don't know their own strength til they get in hot water.

Don't let your parents down. Remember, they brought you up.

Give weeds an inch and they'll take a yard.

A man shouldn't have a garden any bigger than his wife can take care of.

Want to get what's coming to you?
WORK!!!

If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything.

QUIET, you'll like it!!!

It's not how many hours you put in.. it's what you put in the hours.

It's easy to tell when you've got a bargain...it doesn't fit.

Keep on your toes and you won't get run down at the heels.

When young, you adjust your hair to the existing hairstyles; when old you adjust your hairstyle to the existing hair.

A fool and his money are soon parting.

There must be doors that talk. People are always saying "Answer the door".

A budget is a device for telling you where your money should have gone.

The only way to see a rainbow is to look through the rain.

Recall it as often as you wish, a happy memory never wears out.

A small town is a place where mass transportation means giving someone a ride to church.

The waist is a terrible thing to mind.

The easiest way to have your family tree traced is to run for public office.

The young want to change the world and the old want to change the young.

A flashlight is a tube where you store dead batteries.

The automobile is an expensive contraption to operate, ranking right up there behind the grocery cart.

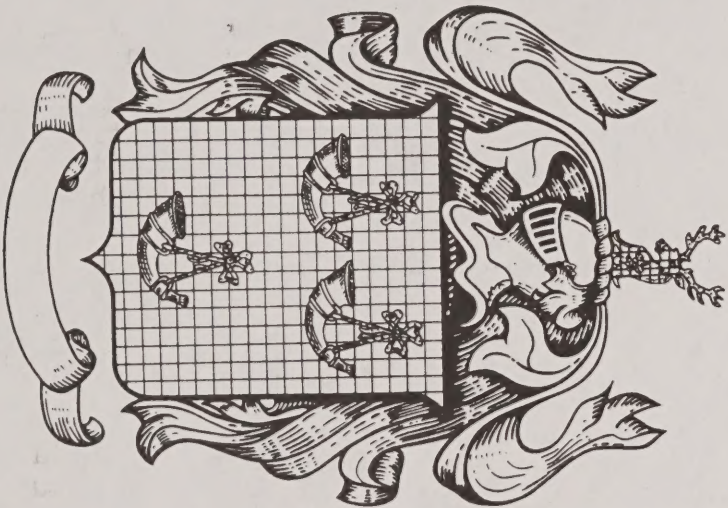
Life is like a sandwich--the more you add to it, the better it becomes.

The only thing faster than the speed of light is word of mouth.

By the time somebody decides to make a long story short, it's already too late.

Coat of Arms

Historiography



Bellingham

The Bellingham Coat of Arms illustrated left was drawn by an heraldic artist from information officially recorded in ancient heraldic archives. Documentation for the Bellingham Coat of Arms design can be found in Burke's General Armory, heraldic artists of old developed their own unique language to describe an individual Coat of Arms. In their language, the Arms (shield) is as follows:

"Sa. three buglehorns ar. stringed or."

When translated the Arms description is:

"Black with three silver buglehorns stringed gold."

Above the shield and helmet is the Crest which is described as:

"A stag's head erased sa. charged with a fleur-de-lis or, attired of the last."

A translation of the Crest description is:

"A black stag's head jagged charged with a gold fleur-de-lis and with gold antlers."

Family motos are believed to have originated as battle cries in medieval times. A Motto was not recorded with the Bellingham Coat of Arms.

Individual surnames originated for the purpose of more specific identification. The four primary sources for second names were: occupation, location, father's name and personal characteristics. The surname Bellingham appears to be locational in origin, and is believed to be associated with the English and Irish, meaning, "one who came from Bellingham." The supplementary sheet included with this report is designed to give you more information to further your understanding of the origin of names. Different spellings of the same original surname are a common occurrence. Dictionaries of surnames indicate probable spelling variations. The most prominent variations of Bellingham are Bellingham, Bellingsham and Belllyngham.

Information available to us indicates that in 1971 there were approximately 100 heads of households in the United States with the old and distinguished Bellingham name. The United States Census Bureau in 1970 estimated that there were approximately 3.1 persons per household in America which yields an approximate total of 310 people in the United States carrying the Bellingham name. Although the figure seems relatively low, it does not signify the many important contributions that individuals bearing the Bellingham name have made to history.

No genealogical representation is intended or implied by this report and it does not represent individual lineage or your family tree.



BELLINGHAM HISTORICAL COMMISSION
3 Common Street
Old Library Building
Bellingham, Mass. 02019



Would you believe our publication, The Crimpville Comments, has been in existence since 1973?
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US. THE BELLINGHAM HISTORICAL COMMISSION



4/2/73

New Commission Focuses on Town History

Bellingham's newly formed Historical Commission includes, from left, Edward Sawyer, chairman; George Whiting, John Lundall, researcher; Mrs. Jean Brennan, secretary; Mrs. Florence Mc-

Cracken, publicist; Mrs. Lorraine Sulahian and Ernest Taft. Chester Hood, treasurer, was absent for photo because of illness.

Current Commission Members: Ernest Taft, Cathy Mucciarone, Rita Sawyer
Florence McCracken, Elizabeth Andrews, Clayton Austin, Francis Donovan, cons.